

DEMPSEY WINS

EXTRA

Publix



Opinion

FIGHT
SPECIAL

Vol. II

Publix Theatres Corporation, Paramount Building, New York, September 22, 1927

No. 1

EX-CHAMP REGAINS CROWN

REGAINS CROWN



JACK DEMPSEY, who regained his throne tonight by beating Gene Tunney at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, in battle for world's heavyweight championship.

LOST HIS TITLE



GENE TUNNEY, who was defeated tonight by Jack Dempsey in historic ring battle.

MANASSA MAULER MAKES DAZZLING COMEBACK IN SENSATIONAL STRUGGLE

SOLDIERS' FIELD, Chicago, Sept. 22.—The King Is Dead! Long Live the King!

Before the greatest galaxy that ever witnessed a spectacle of sport in this or any other country Jack Dempsey tonight decisively whipped Gene Tunney.

In regaining the world's heavyweight championship crown that the lashing fists of the same book-fed Tunney had battered from his beetled brow a year ago at the historic battle of the Sesqui and old Jupe Pluvius, Dempsey literally punched ring tradition into a cocked hat. In synchronization with the volcanic roar that could only issue from the combined throats of 160,000 gore glorifying ring bugs, Dempsey beat a steady tattoo of leather on the ribs and the classic features of the intellectual Gene.

By his startlingly unexpected victory Dempsey accomplished what was deemed the impossible. In staging his historic come-back he again became the Killer of Toledo, the Manassa Mauler who for a stretch of seven years had swept all before him. His crushing "Old Ironsides" crashed him into a fistic Utopia that Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries and others had dreamed of to no avail.

Dempsey not only became the "Comeback King of Kings" in causing Father Time to beat a furtive retreat, but he doggedly swept his way to victory against a barrage of gloves that would have caused a less lion-herated knight of the cauliflower to quit—and to quit gracefully. He had a stormy voyage, but like Lindbergh he got in. Ever ready to take a sock in order to get one in, Jack religiously adhered to that principle tonight. He took well timed shots on the button that shook him from his toes to his hair part. His beautiful beezer was the reception committee for smacks that would have flattened most any other proboscis. He was shaken like an old time Bronx cocktail, but like an old time Bronx cocktail he showed plenty of kick himself. The rapier lefts of the champion only temporarily halted him. Shaking them off, Jack kept boring in, weaving and bobbing as the Dempsey of Toledo.

Outboxed in the early part of the fuss, Dempsey refused to falter. The legs that were supposed to sag stiffened instead. His arms operated with machine-like precision whenever he succeeded in getting through Gene's great defense. And it was this ability to drive in close and crash "Old Ironsides" that brought home the bacon. It was a victory well won and truly merited and that it was a popular one was attested by the rumbling roar of cheers that greeted Jack at the finish.

Long before the gladiators stepped between the ropes for the much heralded Battle of Three Million, Soldiers' Field was massed with humanity. The sea of 160,000 pink faces gleamed like an acre of poppies in the reflection of the giant arc lights. The preliminaries seemed to pall on a mob that had pared from their rolls up to as much as \$40.00 for a long-distance peek at the world's two most famous leather tossing financiers. They were there to see the main shindig, no matter how far away they were, and all else seemed wasted effort.

Finally, when the decks were swept clean for the piece de resistance, there was a buzz that soon developed into a cataractic roar. Dempsey, flanked on all sides by a cordon of police, was the first to make his appearance. He was greeted by a Babylonian burst of applause which thoroughly drowned out more than a few thousand hisses. Tunney was accorded a similar reception. Little time was lost on the preliminary introductions, the flashing of a battery of cameras and the usual instructions before the bell clanged for the battle upon which the eyes of the universe were focused.

The greatest fight in history—well, perhaps. It was a good fight, but for thrills, for pulse-quickenning action, and for the most vicious dog-eat-dog, drag-em-out battle that was ever staged, our dear readers cannot afford to miss "Underworld," the sensational, melodramatic cinema thriller which is now playing at the Rivoli Theatre. One hundred and sixty thousand persons saw the Dempsey-Tunney fight and paid from five to forty dollars to get a long distance view of it. More than 160,000 have already seen the greatest battle of them all in "Underworld," and not one has paid more than seventy-five cents. It not only entails a fight that would make the Dempsey-Tunney affair look like a heated debate at the Ladies' Tuesday Social Club, but it pulsates with romance, heart throbs and suspense. This mighty, gripping melodrama about which all New York is raving has more kick than Dempsey ever had the best day he saw.

If the Dempsey-Tunney fight was worth forty dollars, the battle alone in "Underworld" is worth forty pounds English sterling. And it will only set you back seventy-five cents—seventy-five cents not to sit at Columbus Circle, but to snuggle comfortably into a luxurious seat. And remember all seats are ringside at the Rivoli. See "Underworld" and you can say you really did see the greatest fight of all time.

TRAPEZE BEAUTY INVOLVED IN MURDER

CLOWN TURNS KILLER TO SAVE HER HONOR

A fight with bare fists early yesterday morning, in the luxurious apartment of Count Ivan, Crown Prince of Illyria, resulted in one death and the escape of the murderer.

Police are in doubt as to the identity of the slayer and his victim. Servants at the hotel declare Count Ivan was seen to emerge from his rooms about half an hour after a strange man, declared by some to be Tito, the master clown of Barretti's Circus, had entered the apartment.

If the servants are correct, then who is the man lying in the morgue, the victim of an apparently savage assault?

Strangely enough, the mystery is further clouded by the fact that Tito, the clown, and Count Ivan, the Crown Prince, bear such striking

Banky in the leading roles. The play, taken from Rudolph Lothar's stage play, "King Harlequin," is declared to bare the whole story as well as other clandestine love affairs of Count Ivan. Authorities will witness it today at the first performance, to discover what became of

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS



Bianca Postrami

resemblance to each other that confusion of identity is completely checking police progress.

Clown or Crown Prince—which is the killer? Which is the victim?

Friends of the clown declare the corpse to be that of the clown. They declare he was slain by the royal hon vivant because of jealousy over Bianca, beautiful young trapeze artist, to whom the clown was engaged to be married next month. A note, in the handwriting of the count, offering the girl an engagement with another circus at a tremendous increase in salary, was found in the apartment by police today. Broken furniture, torn draperies, and overturned tables gave mute evidence of the terrific struggle that preceded the murder, tending to prove the theory advanced by circus attaches.

On the other hand, Duke Umberto, royal Chancellor of Illyria, declares Count Ivan is very much alive—so much so that the present serious illness of his father may render it entirely possible for Count Ivan to soon ascend to the throne of Illyria. Duke Umberto further intimates a complete alibi for the royal suspect.

Whether or not the frequent visits of Count Ivan to the squalid little country circus, which starred the vivacious beauty Bianca, is the underlying cause of the tragedy, is soon to be developed. Authorities declare that the mystery of twisted identities will quickly be unraveled, as they have already learned from attaches of the Rialto Theatre at 45th and Broadway that the whole thrilling story in all its romantic aspects, is contained in "The Magic Flame," now playing at that theatre, with Ronald Colman and Vilma

the beautiful Bianca, and also to learn whether or not there is a likelihood that the "King of Clowns" from Barretti's circus is to be the clown of kings. Despite the investigation, however, the public will be admitted to the Rialto Theatre to see "The Magic Flame" at all times. The management, to accommodate the public, will offer it continuously from 9 a. m. to midnight, for an extended engagement.



An Early Picture of Bianca Postrami

WOMAN ON TRIAL MAY GET CHAIR

Artists' Model Confesses She Killed to Save Son

"I killed to save the honor of my son!"

This dramatic statement, made at the time of her arrest by Julie Moreland, ex-wife of a wealthy Parisian business man, but lately an artist's model, may prove to be the mainstay of the defense program when the beautiful murderess is brought to trial in Criminal Court next week. She is to be tried for the murder of Gaston Napier.

Though the prosecution contends that this city will at last witness the legal execution of a woman, attorneys for the defense appointed by the court declare that justifiable homicide will be proved quickly and easily.

"If Julie Moreland is sent to the electric chair, it will be on account of her gay parties in the artists' quarter of Paris where she became a sensational figure after a jealous husband ruthlessly divorced her—and not because of lack of justification for the killing," declared Gayne Whitman, of counsel for the defense, today in an exclusive interview for the final-final edition of Publix Opinion.

"Consider her predicament," Whitman said. "The man she really loved was a hopeless invalid. She married Moreland in order to secure funds with which to maintain him in a sanitarium. When Moreland found that out, he divorced her, but the court awarded her the child. Then Moreland hired an unscrupulous wretch, Gaston Napier, to compromise her so he could be awarded the guardianship of the child. The situation arose wherein Mrs. Moreland was forced to shoot in order



Julie Moreland

to save her own honor and the honor of her baby. What would any woman do under those circumstances?"

According to court officials, no more appealing case in the history of criminal jurisprudence has occupied the attention of New York than this case of Julie Moreland.

The whole story, from the moment that Julie, as a beautiful young art student in Paris first found her true love, until its closing chapter, is revealed in "The Woman on Trial" next week at The Paramount Theatre, in conjunction with Ben Black's big syncopated stage show. The role of Julie is played by Pola Negri. Einar Hansen plays the role of Pierre and Arnold Kent portrays Gaston. The entire theme of the story, true enough to present day life, is an original treatment of Ernest Vajda's heart-squeezing story of a mother love that could master even the gayest temptations of all Paris.

UNDERWORLD KILLER CHEATS DEATH CHAIR

"Bull" Weed, sentenced to death for the killing of "Bull" Mulligan, rival gang leader, escaped from prison shortly after midnight last night—just 30 minutes before he was to go to the chair. His escape is one of the most remarkable in history and as yet he has not been apprehended.

Weed and his jailer sat playing cards to pass the time before his death—a recreation that they had enjoyed many times since Weed's imprisonment. Weed in the cell and the guard in the passage on the opposite side of the bars. Just what



"Bull" Weed

happened will probably never be known, for when the keeper came to conduct Weed to the chair the jailer was found dead in the passage and Weed had disappeared.

An alarm was immediately sounded and a thorough search started. How he escaped from the prison is a mystery—no one saw him leave. Authorities suspect his moll, "Feathers," and his pal,

"Rolls-Royce," as it had been expected that they would make an attempt to get him free. They have been taken into custody and the police are expecting new developments.

Neither "Feathers" nor "Rolls-Royce" have been allowed to see Weed since he was taken into custody, as the police feared an attempt would be made to plan an escape, and in spite of all vigilance it has been effected. Weed, at large, is a constant menace, for he is absolutely fearless and will dare anything in his effort to retain freedom.

It was as a result of Mulligan's undue attention to "Feathers" that he met his death at the hands of Weed. Apparently the latter does not regret his action, for he has never complained, either during the trial or since his almost solitary confinement. It seems almost impossible that his escape will be permanent, yet the underworld seems to think otherwise, for during his entire career he has always outwitted the authorities and his luck seems almost unbeatable.

What will happen next? Will "Bull" Weed be captured? For further information on this sensational murder and prison escape, see Paramount's new super-film, "Underworld," beginning Saturday, August 20th, at the Paramount Theatre, Times Square.

UNDERWORLD CAUSES DEBATE

The other night, just around the corner removed from the Rivoli Theatre, four young men of a distinct type were engaged in heated argument about the picture which is now playing at the Rivoli Theatre—"Underworld."

The question was, "Is the picture true to life?" One of the young men said Baneroff, if a real gang-

ster, would have fought to the end and would not have been taken. Another said, "Ah h—! No one thinks that much of a Moll." From which we judge, that the four were an impromptu committee from the real Underworld, discussing the merits of the movie. However, whether they agreed or not on that they were all of the opinion that it was a shootin' good picture.



CLOWN OR KING? Is the question that is being asked in all Illyria!

Publix Opinion Editorial Page

Better three hours too soon than a minute too late for the features at the Paramount, Rivoli and Rialto.—Ted Leaper

Our Theatres—In their intercourse with the theatregoing public may they continue to provide the same fine entertainment that is now on view at the Paramount, Rivoli and Rialto.—Harry Marx.

PUBLIX OPINION PLATFORM

- 1—A Seat for Every New Yorker at the Paramount.
- 2—The Best in Stage Entertainment.
- 3—Don't Fail to See "Underworld" at the Rivoli.
- 4—Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in "The Magic Flame."
- 5—See "Woman on Trial" at Paramount.

Publix Opinion

PUBLIX THEATRES CORPORATION

SAM KATZ, President

A. M. BOTSFORD, Dr. Advertising

JOHN E. McINERNEY, Editor

First Again

Publix Opinion was on the street tonight fifteen seconds after the radio flash announcing to a waiting world the winner of the world's championship fight between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney at Soldiers' Field, Chicago. In performing this feat Publix Opinion broke all records for speed in the annals of journalistic history. This marks the third great event heralded by Publix Opinion in which the paper was on the street and distributed to the news-hungry fans almost with the click of the telegraph instrument.

When Governor Al Smith in his last contest for the Governorship was elected, this paper, under the masthead title of "Rialto Times," was the first sheet to reach Times Square, and that almost at the instant that the announcement was flashed on the motion picture screen by a New York newspaper.

When Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh made his epoch-making flight to Paris Publix Opinion, under the masthead title of "Paramount Times," was on the street just nine minutes after the trans-Atlantic air hero had landed in Paris.

But, after all, breaking records is nothing new for Publix, and unless something goes astray records will be broken in another way tomorrow. For standing within a short distance of Soldiers' Field tonight was an airplane with motor idling, the pilot impatiently testing and retesting his instruments and tuning up his motor for the fastest flight ever made to New York. He is waiting for the Paramount News Reel which will be showing at the Paramount, Rialto and Rivoli Theatres tomorrow. That is "Publix Service, Sir!"

Denies Red Propaganda

Official denial of pro-British propaganda was made today by Paul Whiteman, famous jazz-maestro at the Paramount Theatre this week, through his grandfather, James Gillespie.

"The mere fact that Mr. Whiteman and members of his orchestra are wearing red coats this week is not sufficient evidence to brand them as Tories," Mr. Gillespie declared over his own signature. "Why," he said, "some former citizens of Chicago who are William Hale Thompson partisans were so certain that the Whiteman-orchestra is really part of the British army that at least two attempts by alcoholic poisoning have been made upon the lives of the flute player and Bussey, the cornetist."

Strange Disappearance

As Publix Opinion goes to press the smooth working machinery of the publication has been thrown into confusion, while the editorial staff shudders with fear. I. J. McInerney, editor-in-chief of this, tabloid-tabloid, has strangely disappeared. It is feared that he has become the victim of his own handiwork, and that he may be held prisoner in some obscure night club along the Rialto. Shortly after writing the above editorial, Mr. McInerney stepped out for refreshments and has not been seen since. It is thought that he may have fallen into the hands of angry musicians. The police are searching for one Henry Bussey and a flute player in Paul Whiteman's orchestra thought implicated in the plot. Do not wait for the next edition of Publix Opinion for particulars.

"BULL" WEED WIELDED STRANGE POWER OVER THUGS OF UNDERWORLD

Bull Weed has escaped!
How long will he remain free?

Always the above exclamation is followed by the question. Holding a strange power over the "Underworld" in which he reigned as king, a king who sat upon his unstable throne and ruled his subjects at the point of a six-shooter—yet a king who was loved and trusted by his closest friends, Bull Weed has at last come to the end of his rope.

True he cheated the rope when he strangled his guard and escaped from the jail tonight just thirty minutes before he was scheduled to be hung, but his liberty can only be a question of time. With all the reserves out—the machine gun platoon surrounding his stronghold and gradually chipping away the very walls of his fortress, how long can he last?

The Bull Weed case is one of the strangest in Underworld history. A fearless antagonist, a true friend, and the most daring bank robber in history, Bull Weed has many friends, both in the Underworld and out. He also has many enemies. His enemies dread his fearless laugh far more than they do his gun. His greatest sport was to ridicule the cheap gangster whose mouth was louder than the bark of his gat. This is what eventually led to the killing of Buck Mulligan. Buck Mulligan could not take a joke—at least not when it made him a cheap sport among his friends. The florist gangster had for weeks displayed a floral piece with Bull Weed's name attached. He had made the statement that Bull Weed would die before the lilies wilted above the "Rest in Peace," but it was Buck Mulligan who eventually fell at the tip of the floral horseshoe and not Bull Weed. Weed never denied the killing of Buck Mulligan. The climax was

reached when Weed at the gangsters' ball, sleeping over too much liquor, neglected to watch over Feathers McCoy, his woman. Feathers was Bull's only weakness, and it was here that Mulligan, always a coward, decided to strike.

Enticing Feathers to an obscure room in the guise of the committee of prizes, Buck Mulligan launched his attack. But always there is the other woman, and Buck Mulligan forgot his moll. It was she who pulled and mauled Bull Weed until even in his drunken stupor he understood that Feathers needed him, and quickly; that his hated enemy Buck Mulligan had at last started something that must be finished. Staggering, crawling and pushing his way through the mess of serpentine, confetti and empty bottles, Bull entered the room. With a yell of fear Mulligan fled through the window, down the fire escape and up the street, but always that swaying, creeping shadow of vengeance came on. At last Mulligan entered his flower store and thought he was safe. Entering the back room he went to the wash basin, and then—that fearless, fiendish laugh of Bull Weed rang out. Turning Mulligan saw the gleaming teeth and distorted face of Bull in the doorway. He reached for his gun, but the gesture was met with five bullets in rapid succession from Weed's automatic, and the Bull's laughter rang through the building.

There they found Mulligan, on his back at the tip of the floral horseshoe he had so carefully prepared

for the Bull. The police arrived and the Bull, drunken and dazed, offered no resistance. As meekly he received his sentence. When the judge reached those sickening words, "to be hung by the neck until dead" the Bull smiled, not in sarcasm or bravado, but as one who has reached the end of a tiresome journey.

He went to the death cell resigned to his fate. During his incarceration the only worry on his mind has been Feathers. Where is she? Why has she not come to see me? Tonight Bull Weed escaped. Feathers and Bull's trusted lieutenant are suspected of aiding the delivery. The outcome remains to be seen. At last reports, Bull Weed was barricaded in his old hideaway. Something went wrong. Feathers was seen to enter the building, and is believed with him.

With the streets filled with police and machine guns, the building completely surrounded and the streets blocked by the fire department it is thought that Weed will be taken at any moment. A deadly barrage of machine gun bullets has peppered his barricade for hours. Despite this fact Weed seems to have a veritable arsenal in the hideaway, as the police fire is returned by both pistol and machine gun.

Such is the story which is thrilling New York's millions at the Rivoli Theatre. Is Weed captured? What is the outcome of the sensational career of Bull Weed, another Attila the Hun, born two thousand years too late? See it at the Rivoli Theatre now.

PARAMOUNT TIMES SQUARE
COMING SATURDAY.
POLA NEGRI
in "THE WOMAN ON TRIAL"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Also Jack Partington's Stage Show "FLYIN' HIGH"

TODAY AND TOMORROW ONLY
FLORENCE VIDOR in "ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER"

RIALTO HOUSE OF HITS
BROADWAY AT 42d
NOW PLAYING
SAMUEL GOLDWYN Presents

RONALD COLMAN and VILMA BANKY
in "THE MAGIC FLAME"

A Henry King Production—A United Artists Release

RIVOLI UNITED ARTISTS
THEATRE, B'way-49th
NOW PLAYING

"UNDERWORLD"

with GEORGE BANCROFT

Paramount's Smashing Record Breaker

WOMAN ON TRIAL BARES SOUL

Story on Page 2



HERE is graphically illustrated the manner in which the Crown Prince Ivan of Illyria was murdered in his luxurious apartment. This photo was specially composed by Publix Opinion. Full details of the mysterious affair come to light in "The Magic Flame," the thrilling love story starring Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman at the Rialto Theatre.



GIRL-MOTHER'S CONFESSION AWES COURTROOM! Secret love testimony of beautiful divorcee stampedes jury and courtroom in wave of sympathy. Pola Negri as "The Woman On Trial" at the Paramount poses for dramatic scene. Story on Page 2.



PRINCE OF CLOWNS WEDS TRAPEZE BEAUTY. An aftermath of the strange triple murders in the apartment of the late Crown Prince Ivan of Illyria is the wedding today of Bianca Pastrami, trapeze beauty in Baretti's circus, and Tito Fiorito, clown. Both figured in the love tragedy from which Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky took the story, "The Magic Flame," now at the Rialto Theatre. Story on Page 2.



"YES, I KILLED HIM!" Artists-model divorcee screams confession at prosecuting attorney in tensely dramatic moment. Pola Negri seized the story for "The Woman On Trial," at the Paramount Theatre, starting Saturday. Story on Page 2.



BULL WEED, notorious Underworld leader and killer, who broke jail tonight an hour before his execution was to take place. Weed is pictured above as caught by the Publix Opinion staff photographer just before he was taken to the courtroom to receive his sentence for the murder of Buck Mulligan. Story on Page 3.

TUNNEY WINS

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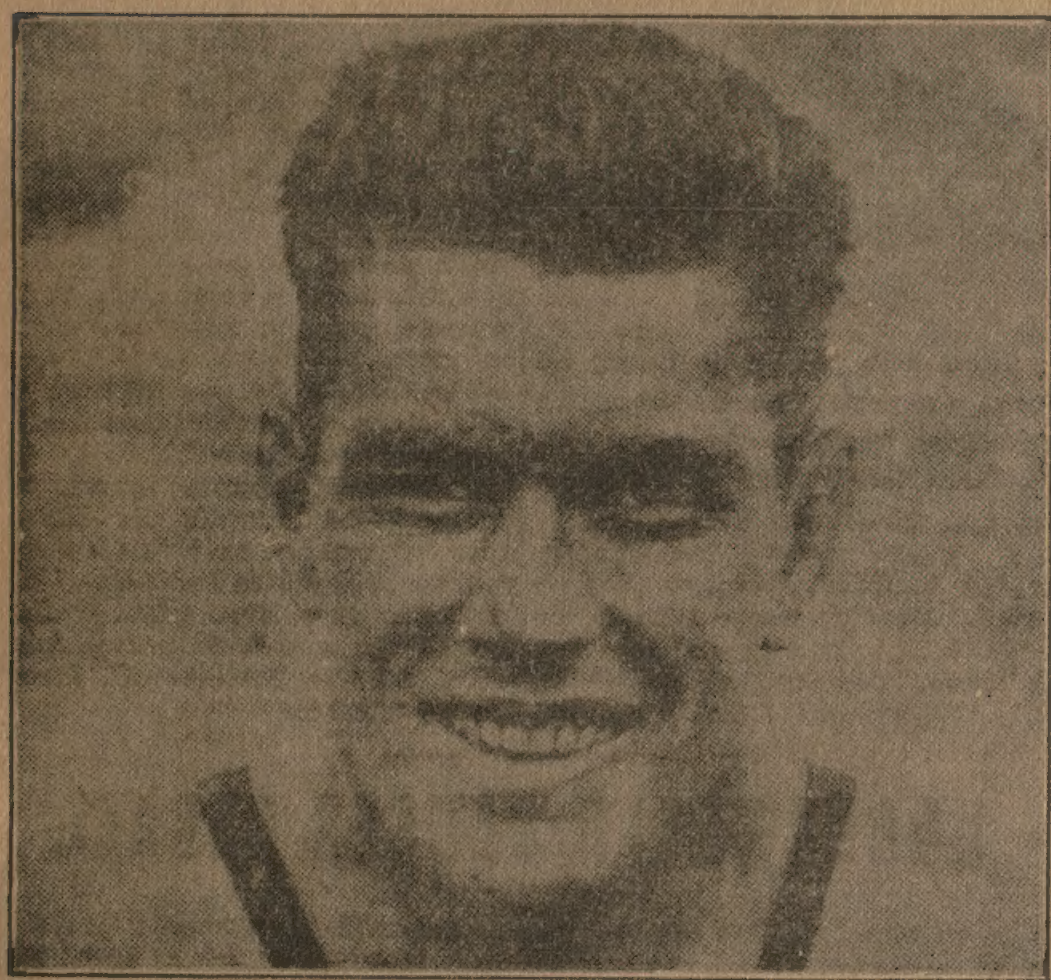
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CHAMPION RETAINS CROWN

RETAINS CROWN



GENE TUNNEY, who successfully defended his championship laurels against Jack Dempsey in thrilling battle tonight at Soldiers' Field, Chicago.

GENE'S FLASHING FORM BLASTS DEMPSEY FROM PUGILISTIC LIMELIGHT

SOLDIERS' FIELD, Chicago, Sept. 22.—Gene Tunney still reigns supreme as the world's heavyweight champion. Before the greatest gathering of sport fans ever assembled at one time, the Fighting Marine tonight abruptly checked the comeback aspirations of Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler and former champion, by decisively whipping him in a titular bout that will go down in pugilistic lore as the Battle of the Three Million.

In retaining his heavyweight championship crown, Tunney displayed the same marked superiority over Jess Willard's successor that won for him the championship in their previous battle a year ago at Philadelphia. From the opening gong Gene showed himself the master. He met Jack's first furious lunge with a stiff left jab followed by a right cross that set the ex-champion back on his haunches.

Following the same tactics that he has pursued in all his battles, Dempsey bored in continually. He was more aggressive than at the Battle of the Sesqui, and, sharpened by his knockout victory over Jack Sharkey recently, appeared in far better condition than he did a year ago. But Gene had not gone back. In fact he seemed to be in better form than ever. The champion met the bull-like rushes of Jack with swift stinging jabs, crosses and uppercuts that shook the challenger from head to foot.

From the opening gong it was evident that Jack was to continue his policy of taking two punches or more in order to get one in. His theory seemed to be that if he could connect with "Old Ironsides" he would regain his lost kingdom. But Tunney, as cool a craftsman as has slid feet over resin since the days of Jim Corbett, knew his onions. He knew that Dempsey packed dynamite in either mitt and craftily avoided all temptations to mix it at close quarters.

As Dempsey charged in wide open time after time Gene brought Jack's head up sharp with stiff, jolting left jabs. When Dempsey did connect Gene rode with the blows and artfully boxed his way to safer ground. Several times he was shaken, but not enough to seriously endanger him.

It was the same old pathetic story of a man gone back. With the heart of a lion and the courage of a grizzly, Dempsey fought doggedly on. As he appeared last night Dempsey would have beaten any other man in the world. But Tunney was his master. Gene showed that his winning of the championship was no fluke and that inch for inch he measures up in ring greatness with any of the champions of the past.

Long before the gladiators stepped between the ropes for the much-heralded Battle of Three Million, Soldiers' Field was massed with humanity. The sea of 160,000 pink faces gleamed like an acre of poppies in the reflection of the giant arc lights. The preliminaries seemed to pall on a mob that had pared from their rolls up to as much as \$40.00 for a long distance peek at the world's two most famous leather tossing financiers. They were there to see the main shindig no matter how far away they were, and all else seemed wasted effort.

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FAILED TO COME BACK



JACK DEMPSEY, who was decisively beaten tonight by Gene Tunney in fight for world's championship at Soldiers' Field, Chicago.

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Though the prosecution contends that this city will at last witness the legal execution of a woman, attorneys for the defense appointed by the court declare that justifiable homicide will be proved quickly and easily.

"If Julie Moreland is sent to the electric chair, it will be on account of her gay parties in the artists' quarter of Paris where she became a sensational figure after a jealous husband ruthlessly divorced her—and not because of lack of justification for the killing," declared Gayne Whitman, of counsel for the defense, today in an exclusive interview for the final-final edition of Publix Opinion.

"Consider her predicament," Whitman said. "The man she really loved was a hopeless invalid. She married Moreland in order to secure funds with which to maintain him in a sanitarium. When Moreland found that out, he divorced her, but the court awarded her the child. Then Moreland hired an unscrupulous wretch, Gaston Napier, to compromise her so he could be awarded the guardianship of the child. The situation arose wherein Mrs. Moreland was forced to shoot in order



Julie Moreland

to save her own honor and the honor of her baby. What would any woman do under those circumstances?"

According to court officials, no more appealing case in the history of criminal jurisprudence has occupied the attention of New York than this case of Julie Moreland.

The whole story, from the moment that Julie, as a beautiful young art student in Paris first found her true love, until its closing chapter, is revealed in "The Woman on Trial" next week at The Paramount Theatre, in conjunction with Ben Black's big syncopated stage show. The role of Julie is played by Pola Negri. Einar Hansen plays the role of Pierre and Arnold Kent portrays Gaston. The entire theme of the story, true enough to present day life, is an original treatment of Ernest Vajda's heart-squeezing story of a mother love that could master even the gayest temptations of all Paris.

UNDERWORLD KILLER CHEATS DEATH CHAIR

"Bull" Weed, sentenced to death for the killing of "Buck" Mulligan, rival gang leader, escaped from prison shortly after midnight last night—just 30 minutes before he was to go to the chair. His escape is one of the most remarkable in history, and as yet he has not been apprehended.

Weed and his jailer sat playing cards to pass the time before his death—a recreation that they had enjoyed many times since Weed's imprisonment, Weed in the cell and the guard in the passage on the opposite side of the bars. Just what



"Bull" Weed

happened will probably never be known, for when the keeper came to conduct Weed to the chair—the jailer was found dead in the passage and Weed had disappeared.

An alarm was immediately sounded and a thorough search started. How he escaped from the prison is a mystery—no one saw him leave. Authorities suspect his moll, "Feathers," and his pal, Times Square.

"Rolls-Royce," as it had been expected that they would make an attempt to get him free. They have been taken into custody and the police are expecting new developments.

Neither "Feathers" nor "Rolls-Royce" have been allowed to see Weed since he was taken into custody, as the police feared an attempt would be made to plan an escape, and in spite of all vigilance it has been effected. Weed, at large, is a constant menace, for he is absolutely fearless and will dare anything in his effort to retain freedom.

It was as a result of Mulligan's undue attention to "Feathers" that he met his death at the hands of Weed. Apparently the latter does not regret his action, for he has never complained, either during the trial or since his almost solitary confinement. It seems almost impossible that his escape will be permanent, yet the underworld seems to think otherwise, for during his entire career he has always outwitted the authorities and his luck seems almost unbeatable.

What will happen next? Will "Bull" Weed be captured? For further information on this sensational murder and prison escape, see Paramount's new super-film, "Underworld," beginning Saturday, August 20th, at the Paramount Theatre, Times Square.

UNDERWORLD CAUSES DEBATE

The other night, just around the corner removed from the Rivoli Theatre, four young men of a distinct type were engaged in heated argument about the picture which is now playing at the Rivoli Theatre—"Underworld."

The question was, "Is the picture true to life?" One of the young men said Bancroft, if a real gang-

ster, would have fought to the end and would not have been taken. Another said, "Ah h—! No one thinks that much of a Moll." From which we judge, that the four were an impromptu committee from the real Underworld, discussing the merits of the movie. However, whether they agreed or not on that, they were all of the opinion that it was a shootin' good picture.



CLOWN OR KING? Is the question that is being asked in all Illyria!

Publix Opinion Editorial Page

Better three hours too soon than a minute too late for the features at the Paramount, Rivoli and Rialto.—Ted Leaper

Our Theatres—In their intercourse with the theatregoing public may they continue to provide the same fine entertainment that is now on view at the Paramount, Rivoli and Rialto.—Harry Marx.

PUBLIX OPINION PLATFORM

- 1—A Seat for Every New Yorker at the Paramount.
- 2—The Best in Stage Entertainment.
- 3—Don't Fail to See "Underworld" at the Rivoli.
- 4—Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in "The Magic Flame."
- 5—See "Woman on Trial" at Paramount.

Publix Opinion

PUBLIX THEATRES CORPORATION
SAM KATZ, President

A. M. BOTSFORD, Dr. Advertising

JOHN E. McINERNEY, Editor

First Again

Publix Opinion was on the street tonight fifteen seconds after the radio flash announcing to a waiting world the winner of the world's championship fight between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney at Soldiers' Field, Chicago. In performing this feat Publix Opinion broke all records for speed in the annals of journalistic history. This marks the third great event heralded by Publix Opinion in which the paper was on the street and distributed to the news-hungry fans almost with the click of the telegraph instrument.

When Governor Al Smith in his last contest for the Governorship was elected, this paper, under the masthead title of "Rialto Times," was the first sheet to reach Times Square, and that almost at the instant that the announcement was flashed on the motion picture screen by a New York newspaper.

When Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh made his epoch-making flight to Paris Publix Opinion, under the masthead title of "Paramount Times," was on the street just nine minutes after the trans-Atlantic air hero had landed in Paris.

But, after all, breaking records is nothing new for Publix, and unless something goes astray records will be broken in another way tomorrow. For standing within a short distance of Soldiers' Field tonight was an airplane with motor idling, the pilot impatiently testing and retesting his instruments and tuning up his motor for the fastest flight ever made to New York. He is waiting for the Paramount News Reel which will be showing at the Paramount, Rialto and Rivoli Theatres tomorrow. That is "Publix Service, Sir!"

Denies Red Propaganda

Official denial of pro-British propaganda was made today by Paul Whiteman, famous jazz-maestro at the Paramount Theatre this week, through his grandfather, James Gillespie.

"The mere fact that Mr. Whiteman and members of his orchestra are wearing red coats this week is not sufficient evidence to brand them as Tories," Mr. Gillespie declared over his own signature. "Why," he said, "some former citizens of Chicago who are William Hale Thompson partisans were so certain that the Whiteman orchestra is really part of the British army that at least two attempts by alcoholic poisoning have been made upon the lives of the flute player and Bussey, the cornetist."

Strange Disappearance

As Publix Opinion goes to press the smooth working machinery of the publication has been thrown into confusion, while the editorial staff shudders with fear. I. J. McInerney, editor-in-chief of this tabloid-tabloid, has strangely disappeared. It is feared that he has become the victim of his own handiwork, and that he may be held prisoner in some obscure night club along the Rialto. Shortly after writing the above editorial, Mr. McInerney stepped out for refreshments and has not been seen since. It is thought that he may have fallen into the hands of angry musicians. The police are searching for one Henry Bussey and a flute player in Paul Whiteman's orchestra thought implicated in the plot. Do not wait for the next edition of Publix Opinion for particulars.

"BULL" WEED WIELDED STRANGE POWER OVER THUGS OF UNDERWORLD

Bull Weed has escaped!

How long will he remain free?

Always the above exclamation is followed by the question. Holding a strange power over the "Underworld" in which he reigned as king, a king who sat upon his unstable throne and ruled his subjects at the point of a six-shooter—yet a king who was loved and trusted by his closest friends, Bull Weed has at last come to the end of his rope.

True he cheated the rope when he strangled his guard and escaped from the jail tonight just thirty minutes before he was scheduled to be hung, but his liberty can only be a question of time. With all the reserves out—the machine gun platoon surrounding his stronghold and gradually chipping away the very walls of his fortress, how long can he last?

The Bull Weed case is one of the strangest in Underworld history. A fearless antagonist, a true friend, and the most daring bank robber in history, Bull Weed has many friends, both in the Underworld and out. He also has many enemies. His enemies dread his fearless laugh far more than they do his gun. His greatest sport was to ridicule the cheap gangster whose mouth was louder than the bark of his gat. This is what eventually led to the killing of Buck Mulligan. Buck Mulligan could not take a joke—at least not when it made him a cheap sport among his friends. The florist gangster had for weeks displayed a floral piece with Bull Weed's name attached. He had made the statement that Bull Weed would die before the lilies wilted above the "Rest in Peace," but it was Buck Mulligan who eventually fell at the tip of the floral horseshoe and not Bull Weed. Weed never denied the killing of Buck Mulligan. The climax was

reached when Weed at the gangsters' ball, sleeping over too much liquor, neglected to watch over Feathers McCoy, his woman. Feathers was Bull's only weakness, and it was here that Mulligan, always a coward, decided to strike.

Enticing Feathers to an obscure room in the guise of the committee of prizes, Buck Mulligan launched his attack. But always there is the other woman, and Buck Mulligan forgot his moll. It was she who pulled and mauled Bull Weed until even in his drunken stupor he understood that Feathers needed him, and quickly; that his hated enemy Buck Mulligan had at last started something that must be finished. Staggering, crawling and pushing his way through the mess of serpentine, confetti and empty bottles, Bull entered the room. With a yell of fear Mulligan fled through the window, down the fire escape and up the street, but always that swaying, creeping shadow of vengeance came on. At last Mulligan entered his flower store and thought he was safe. Entering the back room he went to the wash basin, and then—that fearless, fiendish laugh of Bull Weed rang out. Turning Mulligan saw the gleaming teeth and distorted face of Bull in the doorway. He reached for his gun, but the gesture was met with five bullets in rapid succession from Weed's automatic, and the Bull's laughter rang through the building.

There they found Mulligan, on his back at the tip of the floral horseshoe he had so carefully prepared

for the Bull. The police arrived and the Bull, drunken and dazed, offered no resistance. As meekly he received his sentence. When the judge reached those sickening words, "to be hung by the neck until dead" the Bull smiled, not in sarcasm or bravado, but as one who has reached the end of a tiresome journey.

He went to the death cell resigned to his fate. During his incarceration the only worry on his mind has been Feathers. Where is she? Why has she not come to see me? Tonight Bull Weed escaped. Feathers and Bull's trusted lieutenant are suspected of aiding the delivery. The outcome remains to be seen. At last reports, Bull Weed was barricaded in his old hideaway. Something went wrong. Feathers was seen to enter the building, and is believed with him.

With the streets filled with police and machine guns, the building completely surrounded and the streets blocked by the fire department it is thought that Weed will be taken at any moment. A deadly barrage of machine gun bullets has peppered his barricade for hours. Despite this fact Weed seems to have a veritable arsenal in the hideaway, as the police fire is returned by both pistol and machine gun.

Such is the story which is thrilling New York's millions at the Rivoli Theatre. Is Weed captured? What is the outcome of the sensational career of Bull Weed, another Attila the Hun, born two thousand years too late? See it at the Rivoli Theatre now.

PARAMOUNT

TIMES SQUARE

COMING SATURDAY

POLA NEGRI

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UNITED ARTISTS
THEATRE, B'way-49th

NOW PLAYING

"UNDERWORLD"

with GEORGE BANCROFT

Paramount's Smashing Record Breaker

WOMAN ON TRIAL BARES SOUL

—Story on Page Two



HERE is graphically illustrated the manner in which the Crown Prince Ivan of Illyria was murdered in his luxurious apartment. This photo was specially composited by Publix Opinion. Full details of the mysterious affair come to light in "The Magic Flame," the thrilling love story starring Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman at the Rialto Theatre.



GIRL-MOTHER'S CONFESSION AWES COURTROOM! Secret love testimony of beautiful divorcee stampedes jury and courtroom in wave of sympathy. Pola Negri as "The Woman On Trial" at the Paramount poses for dramatic scene. Story on Page 2.



PRINCE OF CLOWNS WEDS TRAPEZE BEAUTY. An aftermath of the strange triple murders in the apartment of the late Crown Prince Ivan of Illyria is the wedding today of Bianca Pastrami, trapeze beauty in Baretti's circus, and Tito Fiorito, clown. Both figured in the love tragedy from which Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky took the story, "The Magic Flame," now at the Rialto Theatre. Story on Page 2.



"YES, I KILLED HIM!" Artists-model divorcee screams confession at prosecuting attorney in tensely dramatic moment. Pola Negri seized the story for "The Woman On Trial," at the Paramount Theatre, starting Saturday. Story on Page 2.

—P. O. Staff Photo



BULL WEED, notorious Underworld leader and killer, who broke jail tonight an hour before his execution was to take place. Weed is pictured above as caught by the Publix Opinion staff photographer just before he was taken to the courtroom to receive his sentence for the murder of Buck Mulligan. Story on Page 3.